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## COMMUNICATIONS. FROM THE STATES AND TERRITORIES.

[The New National Era does not hold itself responsible  
for views expressed by correspondents. Well written  
and interesting communications will be gladly received.]

### From Michigan.

DETROIT, May 28, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

SIR: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." This old adage was never so suddenly remembered as yesterday, and it affords me much pleasure to submit to your graceful columns a brief synopsis of one of the most pleasing and brilliant events that it has been my lot to record. I know your fair lady readers will find herein that which will engage their attention; and (I hope satisfy it) while your "lords of creation" will grant us, no doubt, an approving nod if no other reason than that such an event must implicate the nobler ones in its participation. It had only been whispered about that a wedding would soon terminate the preliminaries of an engagement between Mr. George Barrier, of Brockport, New York, and Miss Della Pelham, one of the most amiable and lovely young girls of our city. These whisperings were finally confirmed on Tuesday last by the appearance of a stylish barouche before our doors with no less lovely occupants than our bride elect, and her bridesmaids "paying her calls," of course we all knew what "paying these calls" meant, for no sooner had the doors closed upon them than the question arose, What shall my present be? On the following day we were landed a beautiful wedding card, and all doubts were immediately removed. One week from that day, (the 27th instant,) at an early twilight hour—a, that was a happy selection—the moonbeams had flashed gloriously by a farewell to the retiring god. No gaslights were needed with their flooded lights; but when dawn seemed kneeling at Heaven's portals with its incense of praise our Della was led in all her quiet grace and elegance to the hymenal altar, and there beneath the silvery rays of twilight queen, and, peeping in the opened windows, a twinkling star, here and there, seemed silent witnesses of the scene, she plighted her troth.

The A. M. E. Church was filled on the occasion, the immense crowd being quietly seated, and all confusion and disorder being totally dispelled by the efficient management of Messrs. J. Reed, H. Parker, D. Cole, G. Johnson, and J. Ames, who acted as ushers. These gentlemen were attired in full evening dress, with floral favors, delicately colored kids, &c.; their robes of government were extended along the aisles of the church in delicate hands of white satin, but in no modest way that the most enthusiastic were held in complete subjection. The altar was filled with gentlemen, among whom we noticed the Rev. G. W. Williams, of Boston, Massachusetts; Rev. Oliver Needham; Rev. Mr. Trevan, the present elder in charge, and the Rev. Mr. Booth, of Springfield, Illinois, who was present especially to officiate. At a few moments before seven o'clock the bridal party arrived. Not a sound broke the stillness which pervaded the apartment naught but the quiet rustle of the elegant party, as they came slowly up the aisle, mingling softly with the music stealing around them. First came the younger members of the family, next Mr. John C. Ferguson, first groomsmen, and Miss Meta Pelham, sister of the bride; next Mr. Joseph Pelham, with Miss Fannie Barrier, sister of the groom, and first bridesmaid; then followed Mr. Geo. Barrier and Mrs. Robert Pelham, mother of the bride; and last, but not least, came the bride leaning on the arm of her father. How lovely she looked in her rich dress of pure white silk. Its heavy folds and long flowing train, together with her veil and orange blossoms made as elegant a bridal attire as one could wish. No ornaments, save the golden bracelet presented by her brother, were needed to complete her beautiful toilet. The bridemaids wore white silk large elaborately trimmed with puffs and bands of satin. The pearls of Miss Fannie's toilet accorded beautifully with her full rich complexion, while the rosy-tints of Miss Meta's trimmings reflected greatly to her credit.

The gentlemen wore the inevitable black suits, but the ministerial-looking ties were abandoned for those of a delicately-tinted lavender. Arrived at the altar, the music ceased, the clergy arose, and Rev. G. C. Booth began the beautiful ceremony. The "Wilt thou" was asked, and responded to, the little golden link that binds these two young lives as one was committed to its trust, and, amid the quiet that reigned throughout the edifice, rang out the solemn injunction, "What God has joined together let no man put asunder." A pause, then a gush of music from the organ pealed forth, and, gradually dying away, the ceremony was concluded, the short prayer committing the young couple to a Saviour's care was ended, and man and wife, followed by their party, entered their carriages, and were whirled rapidly home.

Then began the reception which lasted two hours, from eight to ten. The bride received her guests gracefully and smilingly, and her ladies and gentlemen in waiting shared charmingly her honors. In and out, without intermission, glided the host of callers, all in full visiting costumes, with the exception of a few whom we noticed in full evening dress. There were a number of elegant toilets in both, however, and the entire scene was one of beauty. A handsome supper, with every luxury, was served abundantly, and the number and variety of presents testified how sincerely our bride was loved and respected. I should like to give a description of those beautiful presents, but time and space will not permit, and, too, it would be hard to individualize, for a more handsome set of presents I have never before witnessed, so I shall simply compliment the happy groom. His present was a watch and chain of exquisite workmanship, beautiful in design, the back being enameled, and from amid its beauties flashed two or three sparkling diamonds. Of course this beautiful favor was the present of the set, and all were

willful to accord to it the first place on the list. The hour specified to close the reception arrived at last, and all reluctantly withdrew after bidding the good bye, for on the following morning Mr. and Mrs. Barrier and sister left for their home in Brockport. May true love be their guiding star. May Heaven's choicest blessings follow them, and bless them all through life.

Mrs. M. E. LAMBERT.

### From West Virginia.

WHEELING, W. VA., June 2, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

I have not much of interest to communicate. What I hoped to write about I cannot now comment upon in any spirit or feeling of pleasure, since I learned the prospective fate of the Civil Rights Bill. I hope that the indications I have seen will not be the ultimate result. I hope that the action of the House, in its refusal to suspend the rules, is not an index of the feelings and opinions of its members in respect to the bill. For the sake of common decency and common justice, I pray that the present Congress will not disappoint our hopes, and that the President will have the manliness and independence to give it his official sanction.

Oh, what a shame! what a reflection upon a Republican government (so called) that it should rest the rights of over four millions of human beings—American citizens—upon so frivolous a tenure! That one portion of its citizens should withhold the rights of another class. Where does the moral right exist in any government to do this? Where does the right exist, constitutionally or legally in a Republican form of government, to invest one class of citizens with rights, which another class do not enjoy? Upon what hypothesis does one class get the right to ostracize the other, in any right immunity or privilege which they themselves enjoy? It can't be sustained on any principle except that of brute force.

There is a power, however, that is stronger than that of brute force, which these ostracized and proscribed citizens possess. It is, too, a power that will more quickly than any other bring political parties to their right senses. It is the power of the ballot. The man or party that ignores or opposes in any way the rights of any class of citizens of this Republic, is doomed by that power. His political domination is sealed.

After all, perhaps a half loaf is better than none at all. True, practical philosophy teaches that when we can't get what we want we should take what we can get, and never cease our efforts until we have secured all our rights.

Yours for the right,

WM. E. WALKER.

P.S.—I preached in the white Baptist church in Monticello, Ohio, last Sabbath. But few whites came out. I judged that those who remained at home did so on account of their opposition to the Civil Rights Bill. The pastor gave notice at a previous meeting that a colored brother would preach from his pulpit, so he told me. I told him, for God's sake, not to give out such a notice as that again. Say "a brother minister." He has no right to say white or colored. To say the least, it is a misnomer. In Christianity no discriminating terms should be used. Colored people—if I may use the term—turned out strong.

I preached in the white Baptist church in Wheeling, Wednesday evening, for the first time in the State of West Virginia.

I addressed a white Sabbath-school on Sunday last. I received good attention from the scholars, though their behavior was no better than the Sabbath-school children of our race.

I find that white and colored people are alike—close-fisted and parsimonious. The people here, as elsewhere, are sensitively alive to their Civil Rights. These Senators and Representatives know it, and it is all a judge for Washingtonians to suppose that by their influence efforts and ability alone, they can further the interests of the bill. If Congress can spare the time to pass measures of frivolous importance, why can't they see their way clear to pass this bill, which is of the greatest importance, giving the colored people the right to public schools the same as others?

There are some folks in this world who naturally think themselves the embodiment of wisdom and respectability. They presume to prescribe and dictate how every other person must speak and act. Some there are in Washington who think from their long residence there that they have absolute control over everything that pertains to church or State, in the City of Washington, while there are thousands of men all over the country who are their equals in every manly and estimable quality, and frequently their superiors in education and talent.

Your paper and the colored members of Congress—the paper especially—is a mighty power. The citizens of our race have no more power than citizens of any other class of the same number; but united and properly guided and directed (as seems to be the effort and disposition of the Era), they become a great and important element in our government. According to my observation, there are some men who think themselves the centre of attraction, around whom the whole race of colored people must revolve—all others simply reflecting the light that is thrown upon them. They arrogate to themselves the daring assumption of advising, dictating and prescribing in regard to everything and everybody. I have only to say that such men are more harm than good by their unwarrantable egotism. If this cap fits its unworthy wearer, it will wear it, if not, they need not. When men attempt to make themselves great and popular on the capital of others, look out, it is a bad sign. If a man or class of men, or community have no intrinsic merit enough of their own, sufficient to obtain popularity, without using the capital of others, it is a poor foundation upon which they stand. These reflections are caused by the continual feud in Washington between parties, one claiming this and the other that. The colored people in Washington must learn this fact: that they represent themselves

only—they are not Congress. It is an assumption of power unauthorized and unwarranted to set up any other claim. They should, as individuals and as a community work for the common cause, and not assume to represent the whole people, and some of these distinguished (?) gentlemen must remember that when they are dictating to others what to do and how to do, they are in want of some wholesome counsel themselves.

Your paper is doing a noble work and is a power for good, so are our Representatives conducting themselves creditably, and their influence and ability is doing our cause much good.

Now, let each one put his shoulder to the wheel, and lose sight of his own personal aggrandizement in Washington and everywhere else, and we shall much sooner realize what we want.

W. E. W.

### From Virginia.

MEHERRIN STATION, R. & D. R. R., VIRGINIA, May 5, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

Allow me a brief space in your worthy journal to state a few facts concerning our District. In a few months the people of our District will be called upon to select, by their votes, a Congressman for the 4th District. There are about six aspirants before the Nominating Convention of our District for the Congressional honors. I believe the majority of the Republicans of the District have already had their choice in selecting Hon. W. H. H. Stowell, who is now our present Congressman. Mr. Stowell being in Congress this last term, and having proved at all times and under all circumstances a devoted friend to the best interest of his State, and an enthusiastic supporter of the Civil Rights Bill, and a consistent party man. His social position and intimacy with heads of the nation and the Executive power have given him a decided influence which he has made apparent to the people of his State, and especially in his immediate District. He is a very popular man with his people, and we have found him true to his trust. The people of the 4th District realize the fact that they gain nothing by changing their members of Congress so often; they find that so long as a man is a faithful representative we should hold to him, and we find that Mr. Stowell is the very man. He has advocated strongly for the Civil Rights Bill in all its respects. Would we wish to change without a cause? No, I dare say there is not one in the District would oppose his re-nomination.

Respectfully yours,

N. N. BAKER.

### From Alabama.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., May 19, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

The long rainy spell of which I wrote you in my last letter, and which has proved so serious an inconvenience to our farmers, threatening at one time to cause a total abandonment of the crops for this year, and therefore assuming the startling proportions of a question of starvation to thousands, has, at last, happily come to an end. The plowmen are working energetically to repair as much as possible the loss of time. When the sun rises it finds them busily engaged in their fields, and leaves them there when it sets. And I've heard of an over-industrious farmer in the neighborhood who has even worked far into the night by the moon light. This modern Caesar deserves censure for such an audacious plunge into the lovers' Rubicon, instead of the commendation which he has given him by the unreflective. He seeks to convert the sacred sanctum of love ("the moonlight") into a workshop, in flagrant disrespect of a custom revered by all ages since the creation; and, in utter disregard of the lover's rights, would mingle his coarse "gees" and "haws" with the latter's eloquent, refined and impassioned wooings. For these misdemeanors I indict him before the bar of the public.

In case of an acquittal on the above charges, I will enter suit for personal damages sustained, as follows:

"I, Timid Alvin, being just ready to enjoy the pleasures of the sacred sanctum handed down to us by our fathers, was entering therein with a beautiful young lady, whose consent to become the future Mrs. Timid Alvin I was desirous of obtaining, when one L—, a farmer of Madison county, rudely entered with a mule and plow, and commenced plowing—greatly to the surprise, injury, and mortification of all lovers present. Whereupon I, with my idol, wandered far off, not wishing to be disturbed. We seated ourselves in a flowery bowler where the rays of the moon streamed around us, and it was not long before we were in a delightful conversation. None were happier than we. I had pressed my suit, had overcome objection after objection until I was victorious, and my idol, reclining on my breast, was about to consent to forsake mother and father to cleave unto me. Just at this moment—the proudest and happiest of my life—we heard some one say, 'Gee, come up here, sir.' Looking around, we beheld the aforesaid L—, a farmer, of Madison county, plowing towards us. It was a most brutal interruption; but when he got right before us his stubborn mule stopped and began to Bray. A score of other plowmen followed him. The blood rushed to my temples, and, throwing from my mouth my lover's delicate hand, which had been placed over it to keep the peace, I jumped up and poured forth a volley of horrid oaths upon the farmer and his tribe. Fatal moment! Wretched me! I had cursed my lover's father. She rose indignantly, clogs on the wheels of progress; and, embracing him, turned to me with a fiery, scornful look, and commanded with terrible emphasis and withering rebuke: 'CURSE ME.' I was then ordered from her presence— I forbidden ever again true happiness. Now, therefore, I, Timid Alvin, do bring these complaints against the aforesaid L—, a farmer of &c., and ask for damages—his scalp."

With the exception of this rash adventurer, the farmers are acting nobly, and promise to save the country from bankruptcy, as they have done since the beginning. Doctors and teachers, lawyers and preachers, merchants and mechanics, all subsist on the

farming business after the manner of the African tampan. Wonder not, then, that complaints of hard times are frequent here.

I had thought of writing something of our politics in this letter, but consider it unwise, as the explosion of the brilliant Arkansas comet is of too recent date to allow anything which could be said of our dull affairs a moment's attention. People have treated the Arkansas affair rather lightly. "How is Arkansas?" has long been a fashionable street question, asked as blandly as if the State only suffered from a slight attack of one of her native dumb chills. They didn't seem to dream that the commonwealth lay writhing under the agonies of a two-fold disease—native fever and imported epidemic. But the ghost is gone, and although we can't say "joy go with it," we all exclaim "peace behind it."

Passing by the court-house yesterday evening, I noticed a crowd lounging on the steps, going over, I learned that there was to be a case tried by his honor, the Probate Judge. The crowd consisted, with one or two exceptions, of white country gentlemen, who came very near starting me out of countenance. I bore up bravely, however, about an hour, when the solicitor appeared on the scene. He went in, and came out of the court-house. Then, quoth he to the sheriff: "Call the judge." "You went in, why didn't you tell him?" responded the sheriff. The solicitor smiled and went up to the court-room. The sheriff disappeared, reappeared with the judge, and both went up to the court-room. We—the crowd—followed. The witnesses were got together after much calling, and, numbering about a dozen, they drew up before his honor to be sworn. Our race was represented by a tall, mildly looking fellow, who held up his hand and giggled the whole time the oath was being administered. I was not at all affronted when the case was over and he had not been called to the stand.

The case was a suit by Mr. Huit, to recover damages to the amount of six dollars from Capt. Gurley, alleged receiver of stolen property. The cross-questioning began. The judge leaned back in his chair with an assumed air of ease. But his disfigurement was plainly discernible in the changing color of his face. He had before paid no attention to what was being done, but seemed deeply absorbed in something behind his back, which, for want of a reasonable doubt, we concluded must have been a book; whether Blackstone, Shakespeare, Milton, Miss Bradton, or a dime dialogue, we did not know; but, in all probability, it was the latter.

Huit was a simple, inexperienced man. Capt. Gurley, of guerilla fame, who has no doubt made many a blue coat "bite the dust," is a man of the world. During the trial a witness testified that the judge told Huit to push his case, because the Gurleys had injured him, and he (the judge) "just wanted to get a pull at them in his court." The lawyers at last wearied of their sport, and leaning back in their chairs, a significant smile playing about their mouths, said that they would "submit the case without argument." The judge's face reddened and he began to talk confusedly. The smile about the lawyers' mouths grew over their faces and spread to the spectators, many of whom showed a broad grin.

I was straining both ears to get into the sense of the judge's remarks, when suddenly he ceased to talk and the lawyers rose to go, so abruptly that I was dumfounded. I was ignorant whether the judge's "pull" had sent poor guerilla Gurley to the gallows or to the poor-house. I would have inquired of his honor, but my natural timidity overcame me, when, on going out with the crowd, I heard many illiterate fellows modestly claim that they would make better judges themselves. I concluded that "if the child is father of the man," then his honor's father was certainly not one of those children whom the good old mothers, with an ominous shake of the head, declare "too smart to live."

The judge is a carpenter, and his time being nearly out and not standing the slightest chance of reelection, it is to be hoped that he will return to his former bench, for which he is better fitted than the one he now occupies.

### From Mississippi.

OXFORD, MISS., June 5, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

SIR: True to the instincts of the wonder-inspiring story, "Jack, the Giant Killer," draws largely on the imagination in a letter in your issue of May 28th, wherein this astonishing "Jack" jerks out his jack-pot with wonderful agility and giant-assaulting flourish, tries mightily with a little splutter of printers' ink to make himself a hero, but it is heroic to misrepresent a man, "Jack," masked like a veritable Kuklux and making a feat to sail in the back each a man as Col. G. W. Wells? Why not face him manfully? We who know him and the work he has accomplished in North Mississippi are inclined to believe that with your K. K. K. proclivities, you are unbecomingly yourself under a mask, in the hope of an opportunity for retaliation for the unearthing of some scheme dearly cherished by yourself, but dangerous to the body politic.

Now, "Jack," read and note well. You are wrong in saying that the editor of the Era is impostor upon you. You are very wrong in stating that he gives more credit than is due to Col. Wells. You are very wrong in denying the editor's statement that he is one of the leading Republicans of our State. You are wrong in declaring that Col. Wells' influence in this State is very limited. You are wrong in saying that he desires that leading colored men should take back seats, when white men such as he desires a leading. You are wrong in stating that he neglect support some colored men that would reflect badly on the colored race. As his foresight for their true interests has been manifested, for well he knows and so doth every true friend of the colored race, that to support colored men for office who may be intellectually or morally unfit, is the most damaging precedent that can be taken to open the way for the admission of those young men whose minds are nobly developing in the various institutions of learning in this State. You are wrong, "Jack," in stating that nearly every colored member of the

Mississippi Legislature was opposed to Col. Wells' election to the Senate. You are wrong in stating that he was a candidate for the short term, after being defeated by the Hon. Mr. Bruce.

If "Jack, the Giant Killer," is "riled" because a certain carter was stopped from dumping his rubbish under Col. Wells' nose, in an office where it was sadly out of place, he should magnanimously take a lesson in self-abnegation and give Col. Wells the credit for the far-seeing action in matters of State which he undoubtedly possesses.

Being a teacher in the colored schools of North Mississippi for a number of years, necessarily compelled me to observe the firm determination, tact, and undimmed promptitude with which the web of legal evidence was marshaled up and woven around those who were masked actors in burning colored school houses, and torturing teachers of the colored youth.

The thanks of the entire progressive element in this State is due to Col. Wells for the rapid growth and undisputed extension of the public school system, which is the true lover of progress to "ring out the old, ring in the new," so that the world and sense of the race to be will ever rise upmost to lead—irrespective of race—and produce giants in mind, without a single pigmy like "Jack, the Giant Killer."

Fraternally yours, etc.

ROBERT C. MCGREGOR,

Teacher of colored youth.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

SIR: I am particularly desirous that the foregoing letter, in answer to "Jack, the Giant Killer," for I am personally aware of mistakes made by "Jack."

I was at Jackson, too, at the time Col. Wells was a candidate, and know the real facts of the case, and fully endorse the foregoing statements made by McGregor.

Yours truly,

TOBE HEMPHREY.

### District of Columbia.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

Your Richmond (Va.) correspondent, "Equal Rights," in your last issue, sounded the right note in saying that the security of civil rights depends mainly on the action of the colored voters of the South in the next campaign. It requires but the slightest observation to discern that if the bill is defeated in the House this session, it will be by an alliance of certain Southern Republican Representatives with the Democrats. In the late vote to take the Civil Rights Bill from the Speaker's table, this is partly evidenced by the votes of Sener, Smith, and Thomas against taking up this bill, all these gentlemen being from large colored constituencies.

They are all candidates for re-nomination and reelection, and the colored people of their respective districts would prove false if these gentlemen receive endorsement by re-nomination and reelection. All resolutions, speeches, or petitions for civil rights go for naught if they support such men or take up others who do not see the imperative necessity for doing away with all discrimination based on color in common carriers, inns, public places of amusement, entertainment, and instruction, in schools and colleges.

There are doubts, however, whether the proper rebuke will be administered to these men so long as their colored emissaries, in the person of special agents of the Post Office Department, custom-house, and internal revenue employes, are more willing to serve their masters as pot-house politicians than inclined to perform the manly service of arousing their fellow-citizens to demand that the institutions of our country shall be in keeping with that idea of political and civil equality which is at once the theory as well as the basis of our Government.

One significant fact connected with the progress of the great political struggle under citizenship is that no right, no privilege, no immunity has come before the people demanded and were ready for it. This is equally true as regards civil rights; the principle involved will not triumph until people are in earnest, and show themselves above mere personal aggrandizement.

The seething criticism by Mr. W. C. Roane, of the position of Rev. W. B. Derrick on the school question, should be a warning to other Jesuits in our midst. In this connection, I would ask, is Mr. Derrick an uneducated British subject, as he boasts of himself, qualified by sympathy or identity of interests, to instruct, or to advise the colored people of Virginia as to the privileges and immunities of American citizenship?

Your correspondent, "Equal Rights," puts a great many colored men of that State in a false light with regard to the appointment of R. W. Hughes as Judge of the U. S. District Court.

R. W. Hughes was not the choice of all the delegation that waited on the President during the sessions of the Civil Rights Convention held here last winter. A large number was opposed to him on account of his bitter and unqualified opposition to a Civil Rights Bill. The spokesman of the delegation refused to advocate his claims for this position, and it was Mr. W. H. Lester, of Richmond, who assumed to tell the President that Mr. H. was the choice of all the colored people of Virginia, and nothing would please them more than his appointment. That afternoon Mr. H. was appointed.

On the return of the delegation to the convention, one of these men, J. A. T., who clamored so strongly for Judge Hughes, at the same time knowing his uncompromising opposition to civil rights, availed himself of the first opportunity to deliver a strong speech in favor of the Civil Rights Bill as it came from the hands of Mr. Sumner.

It is this inconsistency, this treachery to principle, this subservience to ring-masters, dwarfing manly independence, stifling and choking the aspirations of the masses which, as much as any other cause, has kept Virginia in the political back ground. These colored men who do the whitewashing, the kitchen work, and who, for political purposes, are ready to serve such hybrids as those referred to, should be held up to public condemnation.

Let "Equal Rights" commence the work of exposure, and his efforts will be crowned by success.

C. J. W.

### From District of Columbia.

"Don't Let the Bill Fail."

To the Editor of the New National Era:

Senator Charles Sumner died March 11, 1874, at the age of sixty-three years, two months, and five days. His last words were: "Don't let the bill fail." The explanatory words of Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, in Forney's Sunday Morning Chronicle, explains his fidelity. That "the arm of his life had been to insure the rights of citizenship for the colored race. No wonder that they mourn him, and weep when they hear his name spoken." Why? Because he proved himself a soldier true; even where fire and smoke were thickest; where others thought there's no work to do. This is one of the greatest sentences that has ever vibrated from the lips of a dying statesman. It came from Charles Sumner, who the world knows has ascended to the pinnacle of human greatness both in principle and name, as, also, in character and fame. This expression is hailed and endorsed by thousands who have never seen the producer, but loves him unseen; and will never cease to live. It demands the considerate judgment with the strictest investigation of all that have at heart the interest of our country and citizens. Notwithstanding those whom it is intended to benefit directly should be interested more so than others; the bill is intended to perpetuate the long-neglected design of the Declaration of Independence; that recognized principles lavished upon man by a just God when He created man. These are certain rights. Among these rights are the enjoyments of life, liberty, and the pursuits of happiness. These rights have been abridged in a great measure. The inference to be drawn from the last utterance of the dying Sumner are substantially friends of a free country. This is the only way to promote the sentiments of the declarators, and thereby secure a truly free and independent country that can be called with truth a Republic. This bill is before the country as a flag before an army. We all know it holds forth the liberties of man. That flag will never be true until the nation is destined to represent, enjoys same liberties.

O, shame upon ye statesmen! who looketh upon those stripes; Representatives of a nation, deprived of legal rights.

I hold that whenever in any country an equal or unequal class of citizens bound by the laws of the same exists, one enjoying the full enjoyment of life, liberty, and pursuits of happiness, while the other has only a portion of those rights, that country is only partially free, and that is not the country a true republic desires. See ye always to it and whatever you do, "Don't let the bill fail."

JES. N. HALL.

### From Texas.

RINGBOLD BARRACKS, TEXAS, May 27, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

SIR: As you allow the columns of your esteemed and interesting paper to admit advertisements from the boys in blue, I gladly embrace this opportunity of dropping a few lines. As I am stationed at one of the utmost frontier posts, you cannot expect to gain any intelligent news at present.

For the past months the country has almost burst up with heat, but a few days since we had a fine rain, the first for the season of any consequence; though, owing to the locality of this part of the country and the Rio Bravo, small crops of corn, &c., suitable for nourishment and preventing scourge have been raised, the Rio Bravo is now considerably up with water. Troops are there five companies of cavalry and three of infantry garrison this post—ninth cavalry and twenty-fourth infantry. The companies of the ninth are continually on scouting duty along the Rio Grande river and into the interior of the settlements, guarding crossings of the river against cattle thieves and Indians; the former are abundant, but the latter are scarce. Cattle thieves are often chased, and many times captured and turned over to the civil authorities for their dooms.

These thieves are Mexicans; nearly all cross the river at points unknown, and rove into the interior, steal cattle, and often murder American citizens. At one time last year not less than seventeen persons were found murdered by these outrageous barbarians. In this month some three or four persons were killed by a band of these bandits and a store plundered, while the citizens of this side of the river are very seldom reported as committing depredations on the other side of the river.

Very respectfully yours,

J. C. GRIMES,

Ninth U. S. Cavalry.

(COMMUNICATED.)

### Moral Reflections No. 15.

(CONTINUED.)

"For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister and mother."—Mark 3d. 35.

We get here some hints of the nature of Heaven. Many inquire, What is Heaven? and what will be its employments and its joys? There is not much to satisfy our curiosity on these subjects in the Bible. Its descriptions of Heaven are nearly all figurative and symbolic; and though the imagery used to describe it is the most beautiful and magnificent nature can furnish, yet it is figure and symbol still; and the direct statements of its blessedness are rather of a negative than a positive character. "There shall be no night there"—no sickness—no pain—no sorrow—no death—"all tears wiped away."

This is much for us to know, who walk in tears from the cradle to the grave, and whose eyes are constantly pained by the view of every form of suffering and of death. But besides this negative character of Heaven's joys, we get occasional glimpses of its positive enjoyments. The protraction of Lazarus reposing in the bosom of Abraham, denoting intimacy, friendship, love; and here, that the brethren in Christ are united for ever in bonds of love stronger and purer than any of the most endearing of earth's

relations, even that of brother to brother or mother to children. The joys of Heaven are eminently social. It is a happiness to love one person with a pure and strong affection. "A world in purchase of a friend is gain," says the poet. Just, therefore, as the inhabitants of Heaven multiply their acquaintances and friendship in the spirit world will be their increase of happiness and felicity. Happiness in Heaven will probably be much as it is to the Christian on earth, indeed essentially so. Heaven is only an expansion—an enlargement of these joys.

A. A.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 21, 1874.

[To be continued.]

### The Jury Box.

Letter Regarding the Bill Relating to Educated Jurors.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 6, 1874.

To the Editor of the Washington Chronicle:

I see that a bill, reported by Mr. Potter, from the Judiciary Committee, and providing that no one shall act as a juror in the Federal courts who cannot read and write in the English language, has passed the House of Representatives without a dissenting voice. As I can not see any but evil results likely to ensue upon the adoption of such a measure, I deem it my duty to protest against its reactionary, impolitic, and anti-republican.

The bill is glaringly inconsistent with the whole policy of reconstruction, which contemplated investing the negro with full citizenship. The judgment of the negro is to African ignorance at the polls and in the jury-box is safer than pro-slavery rebellion and Kuklux secessionism. Accordingly, we now have colored voters in all the States, and colored jurors in many of them. The general results of this policy have been a beneficent and satisfactory. No other measures could have given peace to the South.

It is very desirable that this happy settlement of vexed questions should remain undisturbed, at least for the present. During the present generation uneducated but peaceful black citizens must offset